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Judge

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IT LOOKS as if Seth Low of greater New York might also be high and jack of the game.

* * *

WE TRUST Mr. Tesla is as confident of the soundness of his head as he is of that of his theories.

* * *

THE CZAR has been heard to remark that it is the house with two daughters in it that is only half blessed.

* * *

LAWYERS break more laws than any other class; and they are not only not punished for it, but get their living by it.

* * *

SENATOR MILLS, who speaks of American heiresses as fatted heifers, had better put a dress-suit on his conversation.

* * *

IF IT IS TRUE, as alleged, that Uncle Paul of the Transvaal prays two hours every morning his mouth ought to have a cyclometer attached to it.

* * *

A MADRID PAPER weeps to think that this government will interfere in Cuba "with perfidy," and that the perfidy will be a bitter pill for Spain. Can such things be?

* * *

BAILEY of Texas is out for Bryan and Hill of New York is out against him. The two Democratic parties are going to come together, apparently, by going in opposite directions.

* * *

MISSOURI auctions off her paupers, and it looks to many like a species of slavery. Maine has done the same thing for years, but we dare say her paupers are worse than the other kind.

* * *

SOROSIS inquires anxiously in one of her weekly debates, "Is mind living up to body?" If the fat lady of the museum is remotely alluded to let us hope not.

* * *

IN THE EYES of some trusts opposition is a crime which must be punished by poverty, and even pauperism. They capture the opponent, and are not satisfied till they take off his hide.

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND wiped his face with a bandana on a warm day recently, and Henry Watterson immediately whooped and called attention to the act as indubitable proof that he wanted a third term.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS says he is afflicted with the bad habit of early rising. That is so rare a trouble that we always suspect the truthfulness of the man who confesses to it. And it seems like an effort to boast under cover of a rapidly-manufactured modesty.

* * *

"BE CONSERVATIVE," was the closing advice of the president of Vassar college to his girl graduates; and when he had concluded they applauded him hard enough to raise the roof, some of them mounting their desks and shrieking at least three minutes.

A DIRTY IRISH TRICK.

HOGAN (*as the goat charges for the third time*)—"If Oi hov loife lift Oi'll kill th' shpalpeen thot pasted th' bock-beer soign an me back."

THE GREATEST OF ALL.

THE SULTAN is not so sick when not one of the powers dares to do him the slightest injury. Circumstances have made him the most powerful as well as the most cruel of all the monarchs. He is their ruler; they are not his rulers.

BLOOD AGAINST TRADE.

PREMIER CANOVAS says, in reply to a proposition to sell Cuba, "Spain is not a nation of merchants, capable of selling its honor." It is a queer kind of honor that prefers butchery to bargain; and the assumed contempt for trade of the premier is evidence that the poor old nation is so far in the past that it has lost the right to make slaves of people of to-day.

CONFESSION OF COWARDICE.

"LET US CONFINE ourselves to local issues in our municipal elections," says every Democratic newspaper, speaking for harmony and consequent victory. This will leave the money question for the national disturbance, and meanwhile it is calculated that spoils galore will be captured. It is a fine plan, but we believe the ass in the lion's skin was as easily recognized as if he had worn merely his own.

PRAY, BUT GIVE.

THERE IS A SOCIETY of silent worship in Washington, and it wants all the people of the United States to give up half an hour every evening to silent prayer for the liberty of Cuba. The praying is to begin at nine o'clock, and certainly nobody can claim on the next day that he was inadvertently absent from the services. Perhaps, moreover, a contribution to the Cuban fund would add efficacy to the supplication.

POLITICAL DRESS REFORM.

THOMAS WATSON wants Mr. Bryan and all other populists to take off their Democratic garments and appear in their populistic underwear, and to declare themselves opposed to all manner of fusion. Mr. Bailey of Texas will observe that there are others who are opposed to dress-coats, and likewise to all manner of clothing, the average populist having nothing between heaven and his buff but the three principal outer garments and sometimes a pair of boots.

UNCLE SAM AND CUBA.

WE FOUGHT seven years for our freedom against the rule of Great Britain. The Cubans have fought more than twice that length of time and have suffered more. The fourth of July is a good day to discuss the Cubans and the duty of Uncle Sam in behalf of humanity. France helped us. Why should not the United States help Cuba? Justice, the Monroe doctrine and Christianity demand that Spain shall stop her robbery and butchery of a people whose liberty has been fairly won.

DESTRUCTION AS A TRADE.

THE LAUNDRYMAN makes money by ruining the goods intrusted to him by his customers. Is there any other kind of business that presents this curious fact; and is it not a fact without a single exception? Let a tailor or a shoemaker do his work with the destructiveness of a laundryman and he would impoverish himself and in time go down at the hands of a mob; yet the laundryman merely destroys—that is his whole trade—and lives and sometimes gets rich. Is it not time to kill a few laundrymen?

BAD BUSINESS.

IT IS an astounding fact that lynchings, horrible as they are, do not lessen the number of the particular outrage for which they may seem to be the proper punishment. The black man has the courage of his brutality if he is guilty in all cases; but it is reasonable to believe that in many cases he is innocent. For the sake of justice he should be proved guilty before he is killed; and again the law-breaking of lynchers engenders a spirit of law-breaking among otherwise good citizens which is becoming very dangerous. But the law's delays in cases of high crime must be stopped.

THE HEIGHT OF GENEROSITY.

LONE DOG—"Pale-face shoot bear and save Lone Dog's life. Him got no money nor fire-water to give pale-face. Let the pale-face take Lone Dog's squaw and the debt will be paid."

HE PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

Aunt Mahaley (in horror)—"I declar' foh a fac' dat dar Sairy Ann gwine git as black as de ace ob spades if she doan wah huh bunnit!"

Uncle Elihu (who is a pillar in the church) — "Foh hebben sake, Mahaley, whar' yo' done haar dem saca'lagous wuds? Hit am enuf toe mek a man dat hol's my 'sponsible 'sition in de chu'ch kempletly kerflumexed toe haar his fambly talkin' 'bout dem impl'-ments ob Satan! An den, yo' calls hit wrong, chile, into de bargin. Hit am de ace ob haids — not de ace ob spades. W'ot dat disignate, yo' axes? Dat mean laik dis. De ace, dat mean de bigges' an' de wuss; haids, dat am de new-fangled wud foh de bad-place. H-a-i-d-e-s, haids. De pa'son done show me in de book. An' de ace ob haids, Mahaley, dat mean de bigges' impl'-ment what de debbil done hab in de bad-place. Hit am de winnin' kyard, chile. Hit take de cake ebbery time."

A SLIGHT DISCREPANCY.

MRS. UPPERTEN—"Oh, yes; I belong to the society of colonial dames, of course — one of my ancestors was an officer at the storming of Quebec, you know."

MRS. COMMONSTOCK—"Indeed? What was his name?"

MRS. UPPERTEN—"His name? Why, his name was Major Andrew Jackson Upperten; he was named after the famous president, I believe."

MEADOW-TALK.

OH, THE Hopper-grass was a dapper fellow,
With knickerbockers green;
With a little scarf of orange yellow,
And a dotted vest between
But the Pillar-cat was a gruff old boy,
All muffled up to the chin;
With his cap pulled low on his shaggy locks,
And a wicked sort of grin!

Said the Pillar-cat to the Hopper-grass,
"You shouldn't be out in the dew;
And I wouldn't wear such a skin-tight suit
If I had thin legs like you."
Said the Hopper-grass, "You're growing crusty,
And one thing I'd have you note—
I don't go round all day in a musty
Ragged brown overcoat."

FLORENCE MAY ALT.

THE SHORTEST WAY.

Bleecker—"What's this I hear about old Bullyun's being in favor of municipal ownership?"

Le Grand—"Well, you see, it was just before the aldermen met to let the gas contract; and what Bullyun said was that it might be cheaper for the company to buy the municipality and own it outright."

1. A GRASS CURE.

MARKS (*irritably*)—"Confound that grass-seed that I planted last evening! will it never grow?"

Aunt Mahaley (sternly)—"Uncle Elihu, I hab dis one rema'k toe mak. Whar' yo' ben dat yo' larn so much 'bout dem impl'-ments ob Satan?"

Uncle Elihu (backing rapidly out of the door)—"I—I has impo'tant bizness, Mahaley, dat 'quires 'mediate action!"

ELIZABETH A. VORE.

TH' WIND is mosht refrishin' on a shtill day.

2. A GRASS CURE.

MARKS (*two weeks later, irritably*)—"Well, of all the blankety-blanked thick grass, etc.!——!——!"

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

HOPE BOOTH.

They say that "Where there's life there's hope,"
And I am not a misanthrope
To doubt the declaration.
But, likewise, I proclaim this truth,
That where there's Hope — meaning Hope Booth—
There's life and animation.

EVENING CONVERSATION.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"John, I have been in a perfect brown study for three days, and I have come to the conclusion that women ought to vote."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"Well! that's a new departure for you."

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Truly it is, and it all came about through this inauguration business."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"Inauguration business?'

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Oh, I see, as never before, how much the nation needs the far-seeing, unprejudiced, intuitive hand of woman at the helm. To think the people were wicked enough to elect that frightful creature!"

Mr. Hohmboddie (in astonishment)—"Frightful creature? My dear, his worst enemies never called him such a name as that."

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"I know they didn't, and more shame to them for it. I can't think of that man without feeling my blood boil with indignation."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"You've been reading something about him, I suppose?"

Mrs. Hohmboddie (loftily)—"I have read nothing about him. I can form my opinions without reading, I hope."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"Well, what has he done?"

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"What has he done? What *hasn't* he done? You know just as well as I do."

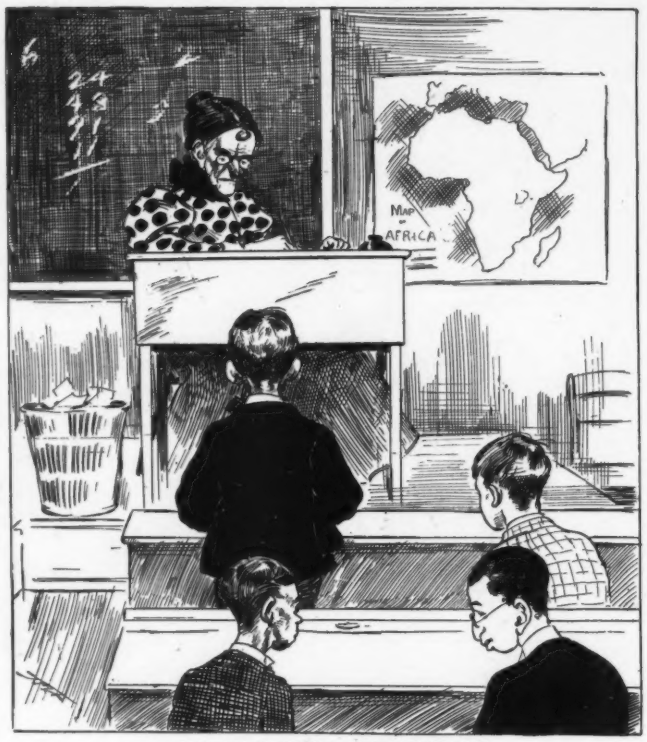
Mr. Hohmboddie—"My dear, if I didn't know better than"——(Stops short.)

Mrs. Hohmboddie (with dignity)—"Proceed, John. Be as rude as you please. Rudeness does not constitute argument. Finish your sentence, though I don't see how I have deserved such unkindness—least of all from *you!*" (Weeps.)

Mr. Hohmboddie—"There—there—I never meant to hurt you. But certainly, dear, you don't know anything about politics."

Mrs. Hohmboddie (drying her eyes)—"I do so! Wasn't my father a Democrat?"

M. S. BRIDGES.



AN INDIRECT ACCUSATION.

BOBBY—"I give up, teacher."

TEACHER—"You are always giving up."

BOBBY—"Yes'm, dat's w'ot me mother says."

TEACHER (*suspiciously*)—"What did she say you were always giving up—answers?"

BOBBY—"No, mum; me marbles, tops an' knives, fer you ter give ter yer nephews, whose folks couldn't erford ter buy any, teacher."

THE AUTOMATIC BABY-CARRIAGE.

We have had all kinds of automatic carriages, cabs, cars, etc., but JUDGE'S patent automatic baby-carriage eclipses all other efforts in this line, and will be the reigning fad and correct thing for young wives in 'ninety-seven.

WHY THEY DON'T CELEBRATE.

"WHY don't you hurrah for the fourth of July?"
Asked a patriot bold of two dudes passing by
With footsteps most languid and slow.
Then each of them lifted his glass to his eye
And said, with a sickening sort of a sigh,
"Because it's not English, you know!"

WHY SHE PREFERRED THEM.

Mr. Kissam—"What sort of fireworks do you like best, Miss Sears?"

Miss Sears—"Oh, the torpedo."

Mr. Kissam—"Why?"

Miss Sears—"Torpedoes pop so delightfully."

APPROPRIATE.

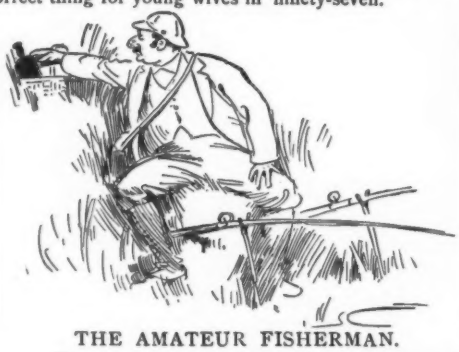
Bagley—"I thought Mrs. Dudley's husband was dead."

Bailey—"Yes; died two months ago."

Bagley—"But when I saw her yesterday she had on second mourning."

Bailey—"Yes; he was her second husband."

First thirty minutes—Profound attention—no bites.

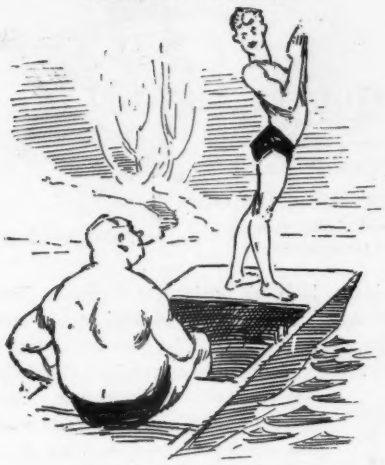


THE AMATEUR FISHERMAN.

Three-quarters of an hour—Partial indifference—resolve to change luck.

One hour—Luck changed—bites galore—fisherman dead to the world.

SHALLOW WATER.



1. SMITH—"Watch, Jones——

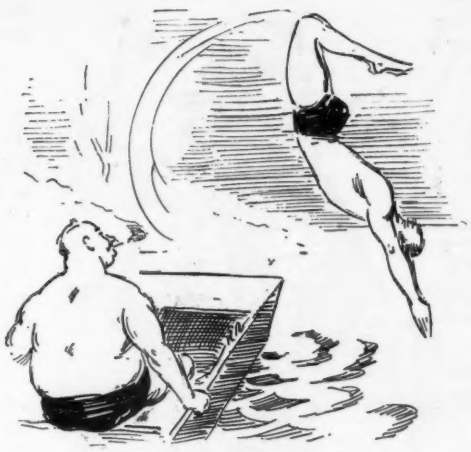
BEFORE THE FOURTH.

IF YOU would keep your boy in bed
Until to-morrow's sky is red
Don't with a slipper warm him.
The only way to make him lie
Abed until the sun is high
Is just to chloroform him.

JUST SO.

"HOW does your lawn-mower run?" inquired the good-natured man, looking over the fence.

"It don't," replied Davie between puffs. "You have to push th' mean thing."



2. ——and I'll show——

THE HEIGHT OF LOVE.

SHE (*at parting*)—"Do you love me better than your life?"

HE (*fervently*)—"Better than my *life?* Why, I love you better than my bicycle, almost."

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

YOUNG Mr. Frisbie found himself sitting next to Miss Dinsmore at Mrs. Frothingham's dinner-party the other night, and of course he had to talk to her.

"Er—Miss Dinsmore, do you like olives?" he said by way of a starter.

"Indeed I do, Mr. Frisbie," replied the young lady. "I just adore them."

"So do I. Isn't it strange?"

"Strange that you or that I should like olives?" she asked. "I don't know that there is anything strange about it."

"I mean it is rather odd that we both should like olives."

The lady was silent a moment, and then she asked, "Mr. Frisbie, do you like lobster-salad?"

"I could live on it," replied Mr. Frisbie fervently.

"So could I. Isn't that strange?"

"Do you mean it is strange that you or that I should like lobster-salad?" asked the young man.

Miss Dinsmore smiled at his repetition of her question, but presently added, "Well, it is rather odd to find two persons of the opposite sexes who both like olives and lobster-salad."

"I am sure it is," said Mr. Frisbie, who began to discover in Miss Dinsmore a kindred spirit. "By the way, do you happen to care for mushrooms? So many people do not, while I am very fond of them."

"You could not possibly be as fond of mushrooms as I am, Mr. Frisbie. I like to gather them myself in the country in the early morning."

"Do you? So do I." Mr. Frisbie was becoming enthusiastic in comparing their similarity of tastes. "Do you like shrimps?" he went on.

"I do. Do you?"

He did, and he said so; and after a short pause he said in a low whisper, "Of course you can't abide young onions?"

He watched her face anxiously as he said this, and a great content filled his soul when she confessed, "I love them."

"So do I," he gasped. "I say, Miss Dinsmore, let's get married."

He realized that he might search the world over for a woman whose tastes coincided with his own on the important points which had been discussed and that no time ought to be lost.

"Before I answer you I wish to ask one question, for I really know but little of you except what I have learned just now."

"Ask it, Miss Dinsmore."

"What make of bicycle do you ride?"

"The Scorchem."

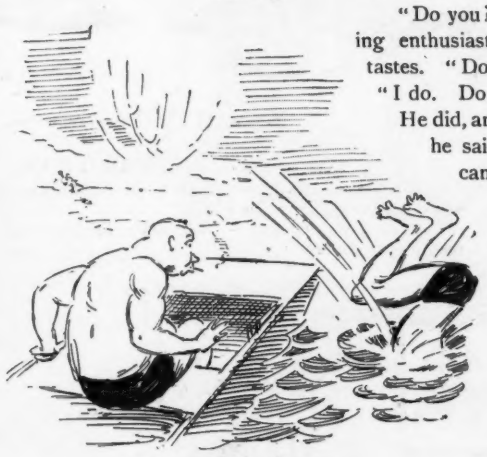
"Isn't that wonderful? So do I. We were evidently made for each other."

"Then you will marry me?"

"Certainly."

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

Herr Kroutzfeld has now a nice little hammock for his boy Louis.

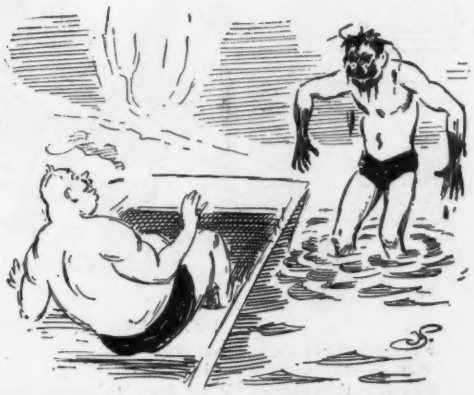


3. ——you a nice——

A SULPHUROUS ONE.

Flossie—"Mamma, how can anybody awaken an echo?"

Mamma—"You may find out by hollering in papa's ear when he is asleep."



4. —— clean dive!"

THE ROSES.

I SENT her a Maréchal Niel to wear—
She who had held my heart in thrall—
And it nestled into her gold-brown hair
As we whirled away through the dancing-hall.
I heard the song of love in my heart,
And the song of the sea with its restless flow;
I missed her a while as they stood apart,
And she came back wearing a jacqueminot.

REFRAIN.

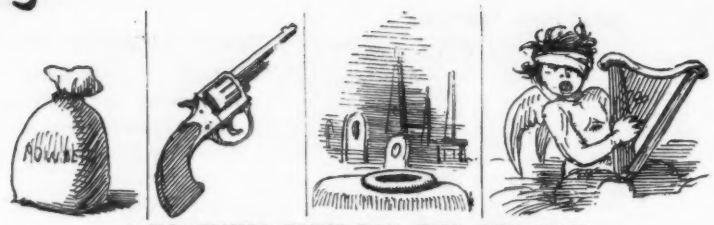
Oh, love by the summer sea!
You flutter and throb and reel
With the waves as they ebb and flow.
I sent her a Maréchal Niel,
But she wore a jacqueminot.

Last night she had sworn me under the stars
That her love would always be true to me,
As the waves came over the shingly bars,
And she sighed and said, "How false is the sea!
It is folding this shore in its arms so white,
And to-morrow it kisses yon rocks below."
And my roses throbbed on her breast last night,
And to-night she is wearing his jacqueminot.

REFRAIN.

Oh, love by the summer sea!
You flutter and throb and reel
With the waves as they ebb and flow.
I sent her a Maréchal Niel,
But she wore a jacqueminot.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.



A TOUCHING POEM FOR THE OCCASION.

A little bag of powder— —A little harmless toy— —A little mound at Greenwood— —Our little angel boy.

HER FIRST ORDER.

SHE was a sweet little thing from the country, with the pinkest of cheeks, the dearest of dimples, and the bluest of eyes. To see her was to love her, this dear, charming little eighteen-year-old lass from the country. The wide, child-like eyes roved about the unaccustomed grandeur of one of the nice restaurants up town, and one could see at a glance that dining in such a place was to her a most unusual proceeding.

Her tall, self-possessed city cousin in her trim tailor-made gown sat beside her, studying alternately her bill-of-fare and glancing at the evening paper. The country cousin in her beribboned "best dress" looked timidly into her face and about the busy room, wondering how Fannie *could* take all this so coolly. Why, it was *so* different from eating at home! But so nice—only she wished she didn't feel just a little bit bashful and afraid. The white-aproned, soft-stepping waiter came obsequiously to their table and bowed his head attentively in the city girl's direction. She gave her order in just enough words, and the waiter inclined his head respectfully toward the pink-cheeked country cousin. She realized what it meant, and her poor little unsophisticated heart began to flutter. Dear, dear! what *should* she do? She couldn't think of a thing she had ever eaten in her life, and the thump, thump of her heart sent rosy flushes to her cheeks.

Then a happy thought struck her. She smiled sweetly up into the waiter's face, while a dancing light came into the blue eyes and all the dimples did their pretty duty. "I'll take just what Fannie did, if you please," she said sweetly and with a little air of dignity all her own. Then she settled back in her tall chair exactly as the city cousin had done and looked coolly around the room, with a soft, white chin held a trifle high. But she did not see the broad smile on the waiter's prosaic face as he shuffled kitchenward, or suspect that in his heart the poor fellow, still dazzled by that smile, was saying that if *ever* there was a peach in *this* world it was that little girl from the country.

And Cousin Fannie, tall and self-possessed, only smiled and looked lovingly at the little greenhorn.

HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

THE MAIN DIFFICULTY.

WINTER FLANNELS—"Well, if yer t'ink it's so dead easy ter make money w'y don't yer go an' make some?"

BUCK WHEATCAKES—"'Cause I'm erfraid uv gittin' caught w'en I try ter pass it, yer chump."

TH' MOSHT tinder part av an Oirishman is his bist shuit av clothes.

A PUZZLING PROBLEM.

FARMER HAYRICK—"Say, ma?"

MRS. HAYRICK—"What is it, pa?"

FARMER HAYRICK—"What day o' th' month does th' fourth o' July come on? Dern ef my mem'ry ain't gittin' dretful."

A HOPELESS CASE.

MRS. BENHAM—"We must have a doctor for mother."

BENHAM—"What's the use? We've had three doctors and she still lives."

AT THE BALL.

SHE'S one of fashion's butterflies,
This maiden from the Hub;
For she's been out to supper now,
And so has come from grub.

HIS OFFENSE.

Drummer (in Arkansas)—"I understand that there was a lively little exodus from this community one night last week?"

Landlord (Shagtown tavern)—"Yep. We took an' tar-an'-feathered th' schoolmaster an' rid him out uv town on a rail fer talkin' French at a church-festival."

Drummer—"Good gracious! What is there criminal in that?"

Landlord—"Nuthin', now that we understand it. Yer see he was a feller who had come yere from th' north, an' everybody was sawter watchin' him, anyhow. An' when he got t' talkin' that-a-way some thought it was swearin' an' others figgered that he was usin' a furrin language t' say suthin' derogatory t' th' grand old state uv Arkansaw that he daresn't say in plain English. An' so we jest turned in an' set him t' goin'. Cou'se if we'd knowed then what he was really up to I don't reckon we'd have been quite so fast about it; but mebby it's jest as well, after all, fer thar was a middlin' strong suspicion that he was a Republican in disguise."

KNOWING WHAT IS WHAT.
"Say, waiter, is the proprietor in?"
"No, sir; he's just gone out for lunch."

FAIR WARNING.

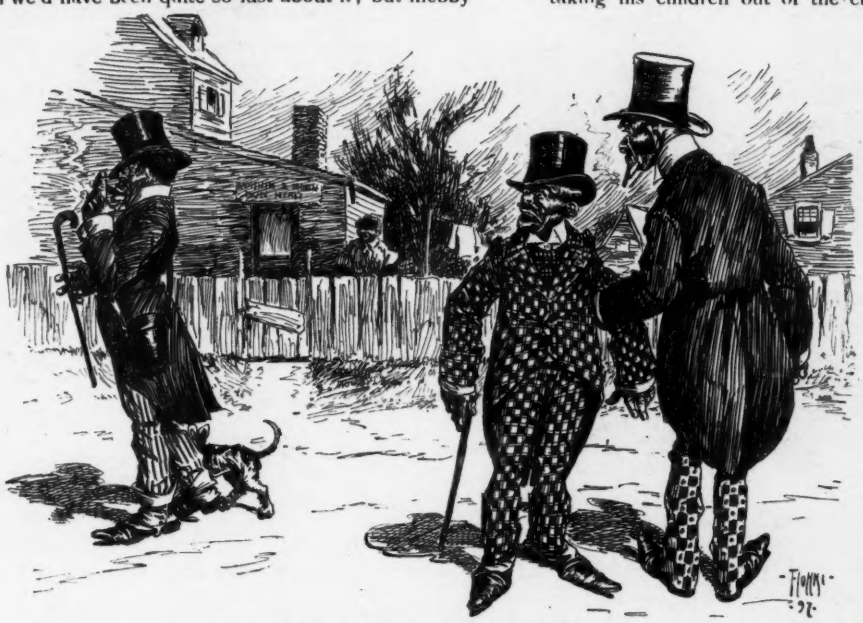
Miss Gushmore—"Poor, dear man! I want to select a tract that will help you to bear your unhappy lot. Let me see; why did you find it necessary to—er—to remove your wife?"

No. 1141—"I fixed her fer talkin' too much wid her mouth an' askin' too many fool questions—dat's w'ot I dun it fer."

BEATING HIS RECORD.

Perkasie—"I saw an air-ship the other day."

Staggers—"I saw (hic) two of 'em."



HITS THEM EVERY TIME.
MR. JOHNSIN—"Dar goes de coon dat hits de races ebery time. Dat man am coinin' money."
MR. SMIFF—"How's dat?"
MR. JOHNSIN—"W'en dat coon fust began toe play de races he'd lose de fust day an' win de nex', an' now he plays ebery udder day."

ALAS!

A GENTLEMAN who had grown wealthy was in the habit of taking his children out of the city for a drive and showing them a one-story house, pointing it out to them with pride as the place where they were born. A cyclone demolished the house, and upon the next visit of the children, looking upon the ruins, one of them exclaimed,

"Oh, dear, dear! we were not born anywhere now."

GAVE HIM POINTS.

"MY WIFE and I have been cleaning house. Last night we put down a carpet."

"Both of you?"

"No; I put it down."

"What did your wife do?"

"She—er—she handed me the tacks."

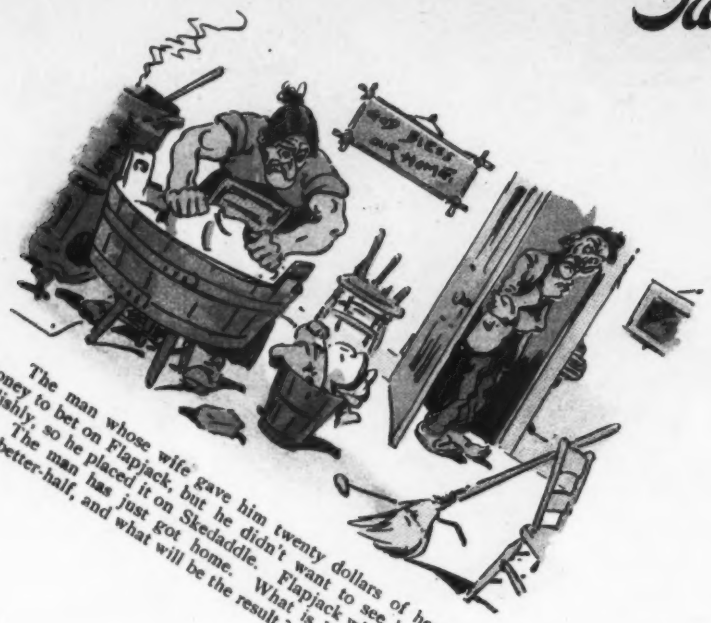
NIVER call a loier a loier—moind thot.

The star country boarder, tired of tennis, tries his hand at planting corn, and incidentally gets dirt in the folds where his trousers are turned up.

NOTHING STRANGE.

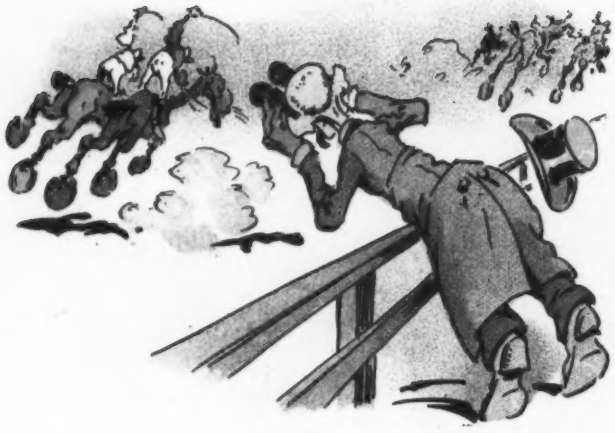
And of course, in sowing the corn, manages to drop a few kernels into the aforesaid trousers folds.

And then, next time he uses those trousers, is mystified because there is corn sprouting in them.

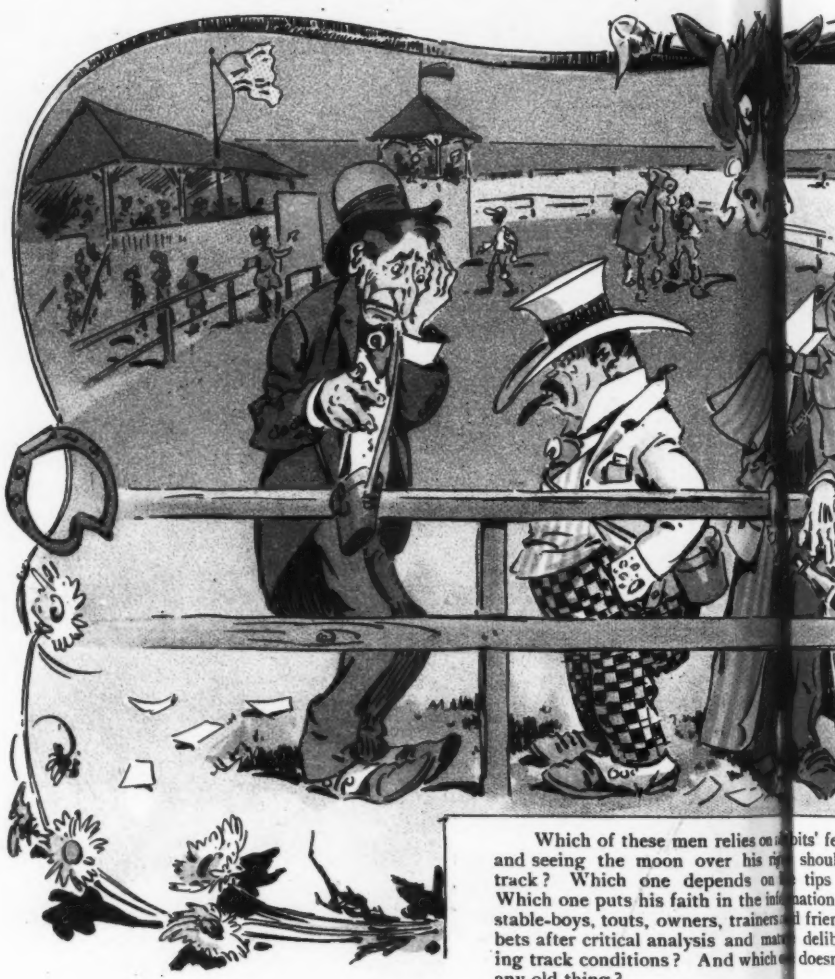


The man whose wife gave him twenty dollars of her own money to bet on Flapjack, but he didn't want to see her lose it foolishly, so he placed it on Skedaddle. Flapjack wins at ten to one. The man has just got home. What is he going to say to his better-half, and what will be the result?

The man who told all his friends to play Hoecake, for the Getaway stakes, for all they were worth. Hoecake wins very easy. How much did this man bet on Hoecake himself, and why has he hired the bootblack to kick him?



The crafty man who played Gethaire to win, and then hedged at the last moment on Slipupp. They ran neck-and-neck for last place. How much less would he have lost if he hadn't been so cautious?



Which of these men relies on it bits' fe and seeing the moon over his ri shoul track? Which one depends on tips Which one puts his faith in the inf nation stable-boys, touts, owners, trainers d frier bets after critical analysis and ma delib ing track conditions? And which doesn any old thing?

P. S.—As there is no possib way of of these is which and so answering e con its entire plant and good-will to the ccess

The cigarette dude, who absorbs two cocktails before each bet and three after each race, and is partial to "hundred-to-one shots." How long will it take his employer to get on to the shortage in the cash-drawer, and how many washings will his mother have to take in to pay it back?

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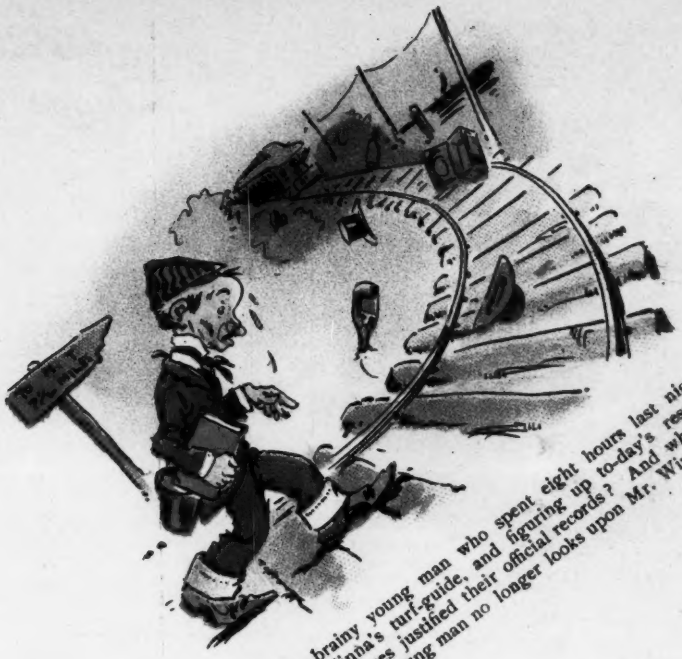
The man who plays rank outsiders in the mutuals, knowing he must win a big pot some day. Which of his wife's relatives was it that came on a visit to-day and kept him away from the track?

A FEW RACE-TRACK PUZZ

JUDGE offers a year's subscription to the last pe on s

The love-sick young man who plays Sweet Ethel to win because that is the name of his fiancée. What is he trying to do to the ticket, and how soon will the wedding take place?



The brainy young man who spent eight hours last night studying Winna's turf-guide, and figuring up to-day's results. How many horses justified their official records? And why is it that the brainy young man no longer looks upon Mr. Winna as a public benefactor?

relies on the bits' feet, horse-shoes, cauls, over his right shoulder for success at the ends on the tips in the daily papers? in the information furnished by jockeys, s, trainers and friends? Which one only s and after deliberation of the prevail- nd which one doesn't care a —— and bets

no possible way of distinguishing which answering the conundrum, JUDGE offers will to the successful guesser.

The man who has played Sir Joblots to win, in every race he has been entered this season, and has uniformly lost; to-day he lets him severely alone. What is the name of this fiery demon of the turf that comes tearing down the home-stretch ten lengths ahead of his field and winning with ridiculous ease under a strong pull?

This man overheard his office-boy say that Crabapple couldn't lose the great Slopover stakes to-day because his brother, the stable-boy, heard McNulty, the jockey, tell Dennis, the trainer, that Owner Smith told Bookmaker Jones, etc., etc. What will the office-boy get to-morrow when he asks for a "raise"?

The twenty-dollar-a-week book-keeper who takes a day off and wins a hundred and twenty-seven dollars. How long will it take him to wire a cutting resignation to his employer, and how long before he will be begging for his old job back at cut rates?

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. Co. New York

K PUZZLES FOR OUR READERS.

e last person sending in an incorrect answer to the above queries.

A BALL IN FLYDOM.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR AND FLOOR-MANAGER — "Get your partners for the next quadrille."

HIS AIR WAS MARTIAL.

A POMPOUS, purse-proud chap
was he,
With a diamond studded hand;
And when he registered his name
With a flourish fierce and grand,
The lowly landlord said to him,
"Are you leader of a band?
Or, if you are a general,
What troops do you command?"
The guest glared at the boniface
And sternly shook his head;
"I'm an alderman from Gotham,
sir,
And own the town," he said.

T. B. CHRYSTAL.

TOO much rain makes th' divil av a droy saison.

LIQUOR AND CRIME.

OFFICER — "Yis, th' Dutch an' th' Oirish do be great paaple. Shure, 'tis all th' law bizness av th' counthry thot's in their hands."

DINKLESPIEL—"How vos dot?"

OFFICER — "Whoy, 'tis th' Dutch thot make th' beer, an' th' Oirish thot make th' arrists, do yez moind?"

NATURAL CONCLUSION.

IT WAS the first time Stuart had seen any very small chickens, and he did not understand that the smooth patches on the sides were wings. When one of the chicks tried to spread his wings Stuart cried, "See! he's opening his pockets, and there isn't anything in them."

A PLEASANT TIME.

Little Elmer Askins—"Did you have a good time visiting at your grandpa's in the country?"

Little Johnny Squanch—"You just bet I did! Why, I was bunted all over the place by the calves, kicked by three colts, fell into the well twice and out of trees and swings and off from the barn and over ledges several times; I was run over by a wagon, and slipped into the corn-sheller and got all skinned up; I was riding on a load of wood and the horses ran away and flung me out on a pile of sharp rocks and overturned the wood on top of me; the old bull flung me over the fence into the blackberry-patch, the dog bit me twice and I was terribly stung by hornets; I guess I sprained every joint and wrist and ankle on my body while I was there. By cracky! It was almost as much fun as learning to ride a bicycle."

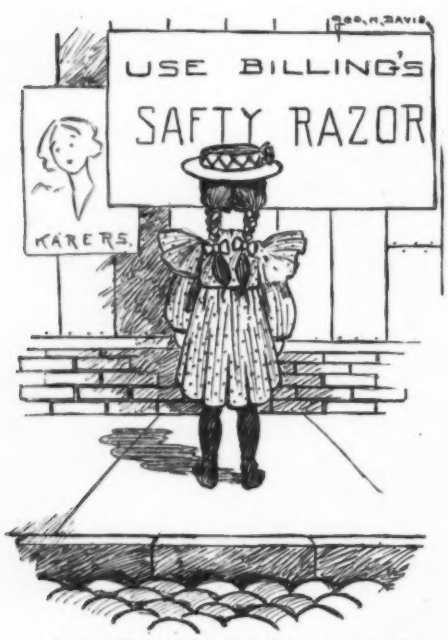
HE KNEW THE FEELING.

MISSIONARY (*devoutly*)—"Death has no terrors for me, sir. I shall welcome it with a smile."

CANNIBAL KING (*astounded*)—"Great skull and cross-bones! You must have more wives than I've got."

FAITH.

EARLE had heard his father say that dog-days would begin the next day. Accordingly the next morning he seated himself on the front door-steps. When he had been there more than an hour his mother asked what the trouble was. "Nothing," was the reply; "I'm just waiting for the dogs to come along. I want to get a Newfoundland."



SHE DIDN'T HAVE THE FACE TO DO IT.

RABID TRANSIT.

WHEN Nansen left his
ship, up north,
Deciding overland to
chance it,
With dogs he traveled back
and forth—
A kind of arctic rabid
transit.

THE CAUSE.

Gilgal — "Have you heard of the smash-up of the Universal bank?"

Kilduff — "Has it gone up?"

Gilgal—"Yes; gone to everlasting smash."

Kilduff — "What is the typewriter's name?"

SHE DIDN'T WANT MUCH.

COOK (*just engaged*)—"No, mum; Oi'm not wan o' thim gurls phwat wants ter play th' pianer, or wear yure dresses, or go out three noights a week, or intertain th' perliceman in th' kitchen; all thot Oi will strictly insist upon is thot you allow me ter roide yer bicycle in Cintral park ivery Saturday afthernoon, bechune th' hours av one p. m. an' seven p. m., an' thot's all Oi wants."

How can a prohibitionist conscientiously content himself in the spirit world?—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Lord Coleridge thought *Cook's Imperial Champagne* the best he ever tasted. Ordered fifteen cases to prove his opinion.

"Papa don't need to say his prayers." *Mamma*—"Why not?" "'Cause it's most morning when he goes to bed."—*Brooklyn Life.*

You know that Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous dealers, who want to impose on you with spurious imitations.

CHAFING,

Prickly Heat

and

Perspiration

quickly relieved by

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

SOHMER & CO.,

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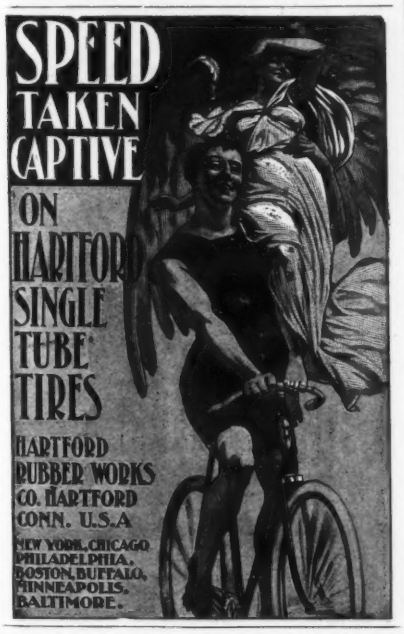

CHEW

Beeman's

The Original

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

"What caused your company to disband?" inquired the gossip "The craze for realism," replied the manager sadly. "You remember the speech in which Polonius says to his son, 'Put money in thy purse'?' "Yes." "Well. Laertes refused to go on with the part without real money."—*Washington Star.*

It's a Paying Investment

To Send for a Box of STANDARD Hand Made

PITTSBURG STOGIES

Pleasantest tasting, easiest smoking, greatest economy. A fine mild cigar, made in the stogie shape. Box with 100 in, $1.50. (All charges paid).

R. & W. Jenkinson Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

Picnics and Outings

are made truly "happy Summer Days" when provided with

Evans' Ale,

which coaxes everybody into the spirit of the occasion and the enjoyment of its rare pleasures.

Knocking around can't affect it. *There's no sediment.*

At all Summer Resorts.

"I'm mighty glad my wife coaxed me into getting her a wheel," said the lean passenger. "Makes her happy, eh?" said the fat passenger. "She's so stuck on riding that she ain't going to clean house this year.'—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Champagne,

THE KING OF ALL BEVERAGES.

Most Refreshing.

Wine has been familiar to the nations of all ages for its healthy and nutritious qualities.

A. von Habetans, M.D., Sanitary Establishment Imperial Palace, Vienna, Austria.

I cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy wine.

A. Ogden Doremus, M.D., LL.D., Prof. of Chemistry and Physics, College City of N.Y

WERNER HALF-PINT CHAMPAGNE.

Served in all Restaurants, Hotels and Road-houses.

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Thrifty people protect their estates by insuring in

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Which grants Life Insurance in sums to suit the requirements of children, women, and men.

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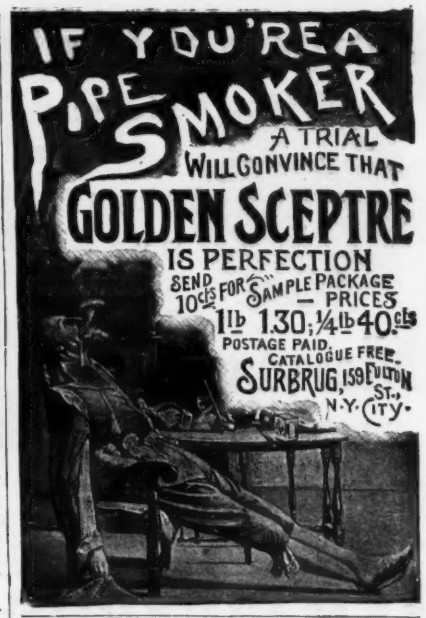
THROAT EASE AND BREATH PERFUME

SEN-SEN

Good for Young and Old.

AT ALL DEALERS OR SENT ON RECEIPT OF 5 CENTS IN STAMPS SEN-SEN CO. DEPT. A. ROCHESTER, N.Y.



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A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

Do not be wrongfully prejudiced against a bottled Cocktail until you have tried the "Club" brand. The principle is correct, the ingredients the best, and the result is all that can be desired. Try them and satisfy yourself.

These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

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"BARKER BRAND" COLLARS ARE THE BEST.

Linen Both Sides

Wm BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

Somerset Club

Absolutely Pure, Very Old, Delicious Flavor.

TRADE MARK

Maryland Rye.

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers. Small sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for shipping charges.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Probably Jonah had been trying to fix it with his conscience by singing hymns on board the ship.—You can always tell by the way a girl smiles to herself whether she is in love with a man or not.—A girl with one hole in her glove, one button off her shoe, and her skirt open where it ought to come together in the back, looks worse than a man with no necktie.—*New York Press.*

"I have here a neat and pretty little letter-opener"—— began the agent. "So have I at home," said the business man sadly. "I'm married." And the agent, knowing it was useless to talk further, took his departure with a fellow-feeling in his heart for his intended victim.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

The honesty and candor of a little girl a minister met the other day in our town should be emulated by older ones. She was asked to sign a petition to close the post-office on Sundays, which she refused to do. When asked why she refused she said the JUDGE came on that day and she wanted to see it.—*West Union (Iowa) Gazette.*

THE QUOTATION is taken from WONDERLAND '97.

Send SIX CENTS for the book and I will also send an illustrated pamphlet that gives an account of an OUTING to be made July 19th—August 7th about the slopes of RAINIER by the MAZAMAS, a mountaineering club of Portland, Oregon. An ascent of the peak will also be made. Everybody invited.

TRY TO GO.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

"Rainier is the highest of the Cascade peaks, being, according to the latest determination, that of the United States Geological Survey, 14,532 feet above sea-level. What this means may be imagined when it is stated that the mountain, as visible from the Puget Sound region, is seen *from* the sea-level itself. The first view of this august, splendid peak almost staggers one. It is so idealic that it is next to impossible to believe it other than a dream or vision. It is completely enameled with snow, and is the centre of a profound system of glaciers, some of them four or five miles in length. The northern side is very precipitous and has never been scaled. The eastern, western and southern sides have been climbed many times. The ascent is long, but not specially dangerous."

ON OUR LINE

NORTHERN PACIFIC

Young man, never take a bull by the horns. Take him by the tail instead—then you can let go.—*Middletown Conglomerate.*

ED. PINAUD'S LATEST EXTRACT FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

QUEEN OF VIOLET PERFUMES. "—PARIS— VIOLETTE REINE"

MOST EXQUISITE AND REFINED.

THE TRUE ODOR OF THE LIVING FLOWER.

BEWARE OF INFERIOR PERFUMES SOLD UNDER SIMILAR NAMES.

IF YOU have any blemish on, in, or under the skin, consult Dermatologist Woodbury, 127 W. 42d st., N. Y. Over 26 years' successful experience. Use Facial Soap. It is pure. Send 10 cents for Beauty Book and sample of either Facial Soap or Facial Cream.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

These bicycle marriages are getting so common that pretty soon a minister will be sold with each wheel.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

"Where's yer brother got to lately, 'Liza?"
"'E got ten days for knockin' a pleeceman down."
"W'ot! ten days for one pleeceman?"
—*Pick-me-up.*

B&O

Solid Trains TO all Points WEST

Arnold Constable & Co.

MUSLIN CURTAINS, with Frilled and Embroidered Edges.

Madras for Curtains, by the yard.

French Cretonne and Chintz.

Scotch Holland Shades,

Awnings, Mattresses, Pillows and Bolsters.

Carpets and Mattings.

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OPIUM Habit Cured. Free Trial. State Case. DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

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Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of* **24** *pens for* **25 cts.**, *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

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Niagara Falls only 9½ Hours from New York by the New York Central.

"I really," said the society aspirant to herself, "must learn a little French. When I hear French songs I don't even know enough to look shocked in the right place."—*Washington Capital.*

"Open your mouth, shut your eyes
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

If you would be wise in candy wisdom and know the delicious flavor of the best confections made, get

WHITMAN'S

SUPER EXTRA

Chocolates and Confections

Sold everywhere. Ask for them.

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling water.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

600 Second Hand **BICYCLES** *to close out.* All makes, GOOD AS NEW, $5 to $15. NEW, HIGH GRADE '96 Models, fully guaranteed, $16 to $24. '97 Models $20 to $30. Shipped anywhere on approval. Special Clearing Sale.

EARN A BICYCLE by helping advertise us. We will give one agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to introduce them.

Write at once for our Special Offer.

O. M. MEAD CYCLE CO., Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I heard a big policeman hum
"The wearing of the green";
But that he meant "Keep off the grass"
Is very plainly seen.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

LEADING HOTELS.

KEELER'S HOTEL, Albany, N. Y. EUROPEAN PLAN. Best in the city.

BLANK BOOKS All kinds kept in stock and made to order by FINDLER & WIBEL, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

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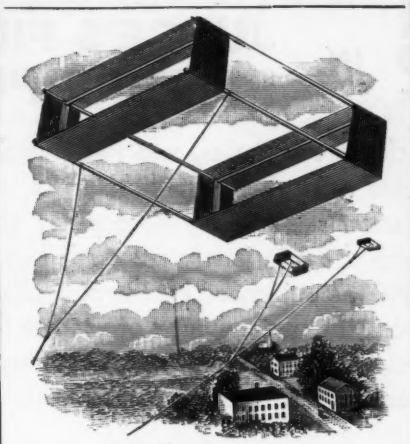
HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE. Nos. 31, 33, 35 and 37 East Houston Street, Puck Building, Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK. ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

"Who is that slovenly-looking man over there by the piano?" "'Sh! That is Mr. Vimmerdown, the famous musician." "Well, I've no objection to his tangled hair if he's a musician; but he has no right to wear those dirty cuffs, by George! He's not a literary man."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Blue? Run down? Dieting no good. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters tone and upbuild.

"What was the subject of discussion?" asked Mrs. Clubwife's husband as that lady came in. "La! how times have changed!" interjected grandma. "When I was young the question would have been, 'Who was the subject of discussion?'"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A correspondent sends the following incident, which "actually took place in a public school in Chester county, and indicates a natural aptness for English composition": *Teacher*—"I want each of you to make a sentence, using the word 'delight' in it." *Small boy* (colored)—"De wind come in de winder an' blowed out de light."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



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SCIENTIFIC KITES.

AN AIRSHIP COMPLETE.

THE BLUE HILL BOX KITE.

Patents applied for in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, etc.

Scientific Kite Flying has attracted the attention of the world. **The Blue Hill Box Kite** is the first kite used by scientists to be offered for general sale. This marvel of scientific perfection is used at the famous Blue Hill weather station for sending up instruments in making observations, taking photographs, etc. Kites of this type have attained the wonderful height of 9,200 feet, nearly two miles. Anybody can fly the **Blue Hill Box Kite.** It goes up straight from the hand like a bird. By express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.50. Send stamp for circular to Kite Dept. J.

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Don't Get Baggy at the Knees.

35c. WILL BUY THE MANHATTAN TROUSER RE-SHAPER. SENT BY EXPRESS FOR 25c. EXTRA.

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CRESCENT BICYCLES.

Self-Made Reputation

70,000 sold in 1896. The Popular Wheel at the Standard Price and no better wheel at any price. The unprecedented demand for Crescents is the result of selling an Honestly made wheel at an Honest price. . . .

Agents Everywhere. Catalogue Free.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS.

Factory: Chicago. Eastern Branch: New York.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

Pat. Apr. 20, 1897.

EVERYBODY who rides a Bicycle should have the **Rubber Pedal Attachment.** Changes Rat Trap to Rubber Pedals in ten seconds, without bolts or rivets. Sets of two mailed for 50c by ELASTIC TIP CO., 370 Atlantic Ave., Boston; 735 Market St., San Francisco; 115 Lake St., Chicago.

Set of 12 Portfolios, 16 full-page photos, each 13½ x 11, 192 pages in all, subject, "Beautiful Paris," edition cost $100,000, given *absolutely free*, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pa., to their customers. Write for particulars.

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ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.
(Main Line B. & O. R. R.)

Season Opens June 21st, 1897.

SUPERB HOTEL AND COTTAGES.

For rates, rooms, and other information apply to D. C. JONES, Manager, B. & O. Central Building, Baltimore, Md., up to June 10th; after that date, Deer Park, Md.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

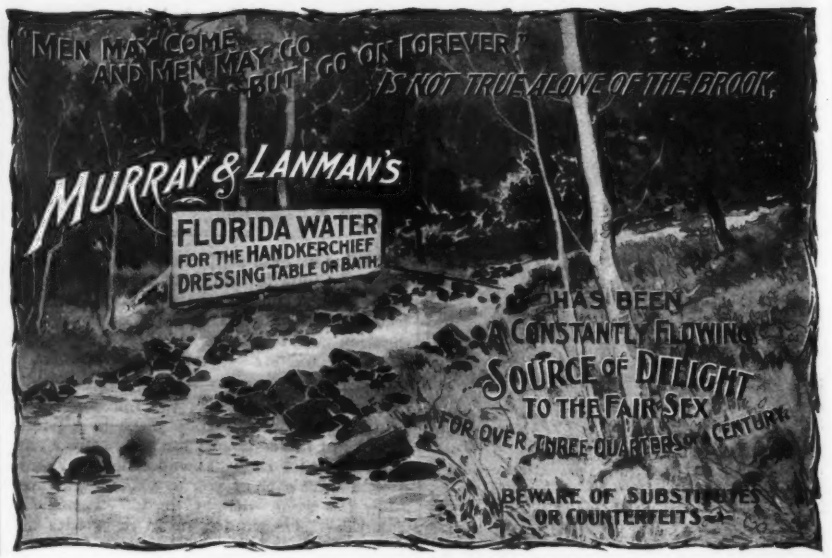
Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists. Sent by mail, 50c. and $1.00 per box.

WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Wide-awake Advertisers are already speaking for space in the CHRISTMAS JUDGE. A 300,000 issue this year.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

EVERARD'S TURKISH, RUSSIAN AND ELECTRIC BATHS. Permanent and Transient Rooms. Moderate Prices. 24 to 30 West 28th Street, NEW YORK CITY.



THE PRIZE WINNERS IN JUDGE'S FIRST PICTURE-PUZZLE CONTEST.

Out of 98,069 contestants, six solved correctly every one of the forty puzzles, and two hundred and seventy-two answered correctly thirty-nine out of forty. Puzzles Nos. 31, 33 and 40 seemed to be the most difficult for a majority of the contestants,—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Stick-it Minister" and "Looking Backwards" being the popular answers given to these numbers respectively. In making the awards printed below, the time in which the solutions were made has been considered; in every case where answers were received by mail, the date and hour of MAILING, as evidenced by the post-office dating stamp on the envelope, have governed in determining priority,—an average being struck from the mailing time of each of the four sets of answers. Priority in mailing the answers to the fourth set of puzzles has carried weight in cases of equality in matter of time in sending in the previous sets. This plan has given western and southern readers an equal chance with those living in States adjacent to New York.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

W. S. KENNELLY,	**2233 Second Avenue, New York,** (Fourth set of answers mailed June 5th, 5 P. M.) Mr. Kennelly is a telegraph-operator in the office of E. B. Cuthbert & Co., 30 Broad Street, New York.	**FIRST PRIZE, $100.**	
HENRY SUDDS,	**Gouverneur, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.,** (Fourth set of answers mailed June 5th, 6 P. M.) Mr. Sudds is the cashier of the National Bank of Gouverneur.	**SECOND PRIZE, $50.**	
C. H. SONNENSCHMIDT,	**330 East 29th St., New York,** (Fourth set of answers mailed June 8th, 9 P. M.) Mr. Sonnenschmidt is a real-estate dealer at this address.	**THIRD PRIZE, $20.**	
ARTHUR B. VREELAND,	**Hackensack, N. J.,** (Fourth set of answers mailed June 9th, 12 noon.) Mr. Vreeland is a young man and is a clerk.	**FOURTH PRIZE, $20.**	
DAVID J. GOULD, Jr.,	**West New Brighton, N. Y.,** (Fourth set of answers mailed June 10th, 1 P. M.)	**FIFTH PRIZE, $10.**	
Miss LENA F. STINER,	**114 East 62d St., New York,** (Fourth set of answers mailed June 11th, 12 P. M.)	**SIXTH PRIZE, $10.**	

All of the above-named contestants sent correct solutions of the full series of forty puzzles.

The following were the first out of two hundred and seventy-two contestants to solve thirty-nine out of forty of the puzzles:

LEON TREAT,	**Adrian, Mich.,** (Fourth set of answers mailed June 7th, 8 A. M.)	**SEVENTH PRIZE, $10.**	
Mrs. W. F. McKENZIE,	**52 Irvington St., Cleveland, Ohio,** (Fourth set of answers mailed June 7th, 11 30 A M.)	**EIGHTH PRIZE, $10.**	
JOHN E. DUMONT,	**Rochester, N. Y.,** (Fourth set of answers mailed June 7th, 4 P. M.)	**NINTH PRIZE, $10.**	

THOS. ENGLISH, 2045 Seventh Ave., New York, and **H. J. HUNT, 48 East 9th St., New York,** each solved 39 of the puzzles correctly and mailed the fourth set on the same date and hour viz., June 7th, at 12.00 P. M. The **TENTH PRIZE** of **$10** is therefore divided between them equally.

Quite a number of contestants failed to write their names and addresses on the bottom of the puzzle sheets, and others neglected to fully prepay postage. These two particulars should be carefully observed in the new puzzle contest, otherwise the solution will be disqualified. It should also be noted that but one set of answers can be sent in on one sheet. Contestants can have as many chances as they choose, providing they use separate JUDGE sheets each time.

It will be noticed the new contest has two distinct prize propositions, in one of which EVERY READER of JUDGE is entitled to enter whether he or she purchases the paper from newsdealers or receives it as a regular mail subscriber. There are ten prizes in this offer, aggregating $250.00.

In the other, or second proposition, there are not only the $250.00 prizes to be competed for but NINETY others. To compete in this one must buy the four issues of the paper containing the series of 40 puzzles of the Judge Publishing Co. direct, remitting 40c. therefore by mail to the Puzzle Department.

ELECTRIC STROKE BELL, 25c.

The cheapest electric stroke Bicycle Bell and the greatest bargain ever offered: Pure bell metal beaded gong; loud clear ring: Perfect continuous ringing mechanism: Regular price 60c. To place a sample and our great catalogue in consumers' hands we mail a sample for ONLY 25 CENTS. Send 5 cents extra for postage. AGENTS WANTED.

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Greece's standing army seems to have sat down. N. b.—It didn't use the Ottoman.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*

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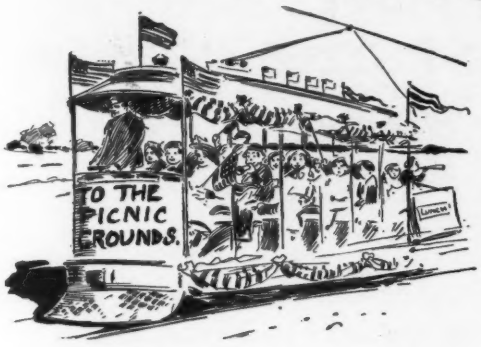
JUDGE'S PICTURE PUZZLES.

$250. IN PRIZES.

Here are ten pictures. Each one represents the name of a well-known Country of the world. We have **$250.00** to give away to the first ten and most successful of our readers who solve these ten illustrations and THIRTY (30) others, ten of which were published last week, and twenty which are to appear in the next two weeks.

1st Prize	$100.00	6th Prize	$10.00
2d Prize	50.00	7th Prize	10.00
3d Prize	20.00	8th Prize	10.00
4th Prize	20.00	9th Prize	10.00
5th Prize	10.00	10th Prize	10.00

A TOTAL OF $250.00 TO BE DIVIDED AMONG TEN PEOPLE.



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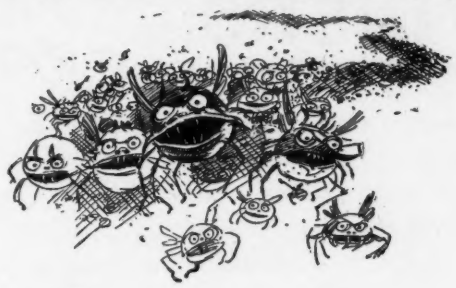

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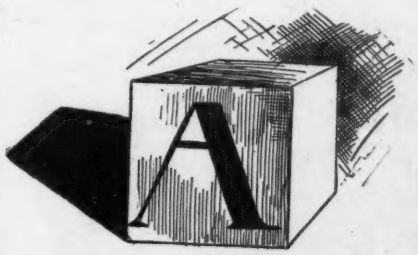

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READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY.

In addition to the above: Every contestant who remits us 10c will receive an extra copy of JUDGE, entitling the purchaser to a second opportunity to solve the puzzles. 4c out of each 10c will be placed to the credit of the person sending in the said amount of 10c, and the fund thus created will be devoted to the purchase of premiums which will be awarded to the one hundred most successful contestants; the value of these premiums depending entirely upon the number of subscriptions received. In order to participate in the awards of this special proposition, each contestant must buy from this office the four numbers of Judge (viz., Nos. 820, 821, 822 and 823) containing the complete series of 40 pictures. If desired, these four issues can be remitted for by mail at one time, or 10c sent in each week for four weeks.

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE, No. 823), and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLES DEPARTMENT, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE, No. 823. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified.

PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Judge

FRIEND—"Mercy, Harry! I thought you were out of foot-ball?"
HARRY—"I am; when I got this I was in it."

"Holler just what you say in Chinese when you're mad, John. We've gotter have a college-yell that'll knock Yale all cold."

View of the freshman who confidently had given out to a few friends that the sophs hadn't better try to "haze" him.

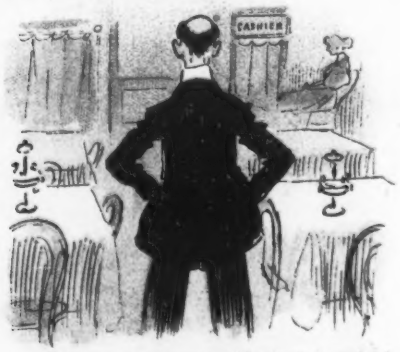
HARRY—"I will have to do some cold calculating to make this shot."
CHARLEY—"Why?"
HARRY—"The balls are frozen."

Harry had no umbrella when that shower came up, but he managed to keep his apparel dry o. k.

FARMER GREEN—"Stand thar, naow, and make yerself useful; I don't callate ther money I squandered on yer eddiocation 'll be all lost, long ez crows are so thick."

View of the young freshman on the lower floor, who has stuck his head out of the window to see "what was up" above.

JACK—"Do you—er—think your father will object to my—er—staying so late?"
DAISY—"Not you, Mr Strong; I saw him admiring your physical proportions and go up to bed."



RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR—"Business is awful dull. If the students who settle don't come in and wreck my place pretty soon I'll fail sure. I made three hundred dollars on their last outrage."

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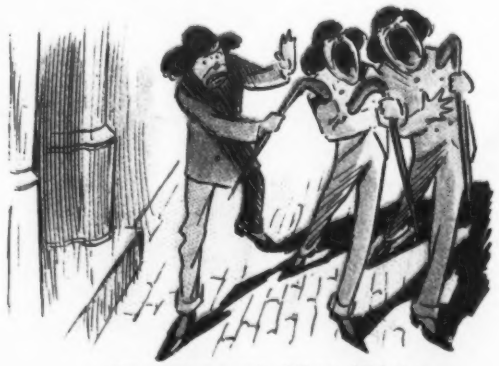
HOCHEIM—"Brofessor, I gives you mine cheque for feefty tollar ohf you allow dot 'cane rush' to dake place."
PROFESSOR—"Er—hem!—then you don't think it brutal?"
HOCHEIM—"Nein; und I pay dem goot brices for dose clothes dey ruin."



HARRY (*three a. m.*)—"'S-s-t, fellahs! stop howling till we get past this hallway; the cop that sleeps in there is a friend of mine."

PROFESSOR FOX—"Young men, I thank you heartily for this magnificent gift. I said I would not allow that prize fistic carnival to come off; I have since found that boxing is manly—I will allow it to go on."

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

STUDENTS.